

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

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HELEN ADAMS KELLER.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND TRAITS OF THE FAMOUS DEAF AND BLIND GIRL.

HELEN KELLER has become noted. But there are very few of our readers who know the actual facts concerning her history, and the details of her very interesting career. And the first thing for us to do is to tell these facts.

Helen Adams Keller is the eldest child of Maj. Arthur Henley and Kate Adams Keller, and was born at Tuscumbia, Colbert County, Alabama, June 27, 1880. Her sister, Mildred Campbell, was born Oct. 26, 1886, and her brother, Phillips Brooks, was born July 4, 1891.

Major Keller was a paymaster in the Confederate army, and held the office of United States marshal under President Cleveland. He is an editor, and with his family resides in his native town of Tuscumbia, Alabama. His wife, to whom he was married in 1878, is a native of Arkansas. Helen's paternal grandfather, David Keller, was a son of Caspar Keller, who came to America from Switzerland in the colonial days of this country's history. Her paternal grandmother, Mary Fairfax Moore, was the daughter of Colonel Alexander Moore, of Virginia.

Helen's maternal grandparents were natives of Massachusetts. Her grandfather, General Charles William Adams, was an eminent lawyer and judge. Her grandmother, Helen Everett, was a cousin to the Hon. Edward Everett, and to the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, Mass.

So far as we know, Helen had at birth all the faculties and senses possessed by any healthy child at that period of life. At the age of eighteen months, on recovering from a serious illness, it was ascertained that she was totally deaf and blind. In 1887 Helen Keller was placed under the instructions of Miss A. M. Sullivan, a young lady who had been educated at the Perkins Institution for the Blind in Boston. Miss Sullivan proved to be one of the most expert of teachers, and under her faithful instruction this remarkable child developed with astonishing rapidity the marvellous genius which has since caused her name and fame to follow that of Laura Bridgman over the world, to awaken the interest of scientists, and to establish for herself a place in the affectionate regard of every person who has been privileged to see her or to hear her speak. For Helen lives in days when great progress has been made in the art of teaching the deaf; when the

deaf need no longer be dumb, as they now are taught to use speech and to read it from the lips of others. And this wonderful child, blind as well as deaf, by means of a few lessons given her at her own request by Miss Fuller, the principal of a public school for the deaf, where the oral method of instruction is employed, has acquired the free use of speech. This is a sample of the way in which Helen expresses herself, so free and bright and natural. She begins this way:—

"DEAR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS,— You will be surprised to get a letter from a little girl whom you have never seen; but I think she will not seem quite such a



stranger when you know that she loves you, and would be delighted to give each of you a loving kiss. And my heart tells me that we shall be very happy together; for do we not love the same things,—playful young kittens, great dogs, gentle horses, roguish donkeys, pretty singing-birds, the beautiful springtime, and everything good and lovely that dear Mother Nature has given us to enjoy? And with so many pleasant things to talk about how could we help being happy?"

During the short time that Helen has been at this noble institution, her progress has become astonishing. She not only reads all books written for the blind, but her vocabulary has increased to such an extent as to comprehend more than three thousand words, which she can spell without a mistake, and which she uses with a freedom and accuracy not often found in hearing children of

her age. She has also learned to articulate or to speak slowly, by placing her finger-tips upon her teacher's throat and lips and marking their movements. One who knows her very well thus writes: "Wonderful as are her acquirements, this child herself is still more so. Her natural poetry of mind, her unfailing amiability, her perfect trust and confidence in the good purposes of every one, her determination never to see anything bad in any one, are simply marvellous; to all our family she is dearer than any one outside of it."

Still another one writes of her in this beautiful manner:—

"Her little heart is too full of unselfishness and affection to allow a dream of fear or unkindness. She does not realize that any one can be anything but kind-hearted and tender."

Helen enjoys good health. Her appetite is always good, and her sleep is sound and unbroken. Her mind is exceedingly active, all the time putting questions in regard to what surrounds her. Of course, Helen's descriptions of objects must naturally be very interesting. This is what she has said about a horse:—

"I will write about a horse. The horse is a large animal; he can run very swiftly; he has four feet and a tail; he has a mouth and large teeth; he is covered with short hair; he is very strong, and can pull buggy and carry ladies and gentlemen on his back. We will not go near their heels because they run and throw them up in the air. Horses like to play, as well as boys and girls. One day Polly did jump and kick and throw teacher and me on the ground. I did hurt myself. Polly was very wrong to hurt us so. Hardee is gentle and will not make us fall."

Two or three months afterward she added this description of horses:—

"Some horses are very mild and gentle, and some are wild and very cross. I like to give gentle horse nice, fresh grass to eat because they will not bite my hand, and I like to pat their soft noses. I think mild horses like to have little girls very kind to them. Horses neigh, and lions roar, and wolves howl, and cows moo, and pigs grunt, and ducks quack, and hens cackle, and roosters crow, and birds sing, and crows caw, and chickens say peep, and babies cry, and people talk and laugh and sing and groan, and men whistle, and bells ring. Who made many noises?"

Some of her sayings are very queer, and come like great flashes of light from a deep darkness. Here is one of them: On being asked once what ministers are, she answered promptly,—

"They are men who read from a book and talk loud for people to be good."

Helen has a very beautiful character, which shines out in a great many attractive ways. She is so simple and natural, so sweet and affectionate, so charming and generous as to draw all toward her, not simply by her helplessness but by her radiance of spirit.

This is the way she appears when she is studying. She reads a great deal, and a story is an unailing source of pleasure to her. She bends over her book with a look of intense interest, and as the forefinger of her right hand runs along the line, she spells out the words with the other hand; but often her motions are so rapid as not to be understood even by those accustomed to read the swift and varied movements of her fingers. To Helen the heroes and heroines of her little stories are real boys and girls in whom she manifests a lively interest. She does not for a moment doubt but some day she will see Lord Fauntleroy, and enjoy in reality all the incidents of Mrs. Burnett's charming book. She seems to prefer stories which exercise the imagination. She is very fond of poetry; and it is seen from her letters and compositions that she catches the poetical spirit running through juvenile tales.

This is the way in which Helen describes her visit to the president of the United States:—

"We went to see Mr. Cleveland. He lives in a very large and beautiful white house; and there are lovely flowers and many trees, and much fresh and green grass around, and broad, smooth paths to walk on. Teacher told me about the beautiful river that is very near the garden. The Potomac River is clear, and is very beautiful when the sun shines upon it. Mr. Cleveland was very glad to see me."

She can sew a little as well as knit, and she has learned the crochet stitch. Her bead-work and clay-modelling are very good. Little time has been given to any of these pursuits, yet she seems to find enjoyment in all of them; but, as has been plainly indicated, her attention thus far has been chiefly devoted to the learning of language, and her progress in this direction has been most gratifying. She is very fond of all the living things around her, and she will not have them unkindly treated. When she is riding in a carriage, she will not allow the driver to use the whip, because, she says, "Poor horses will cry." One morning she was greatly distressed by finding that one of the dogs had a block fastened to her collar. Friends told her that it was done to keep Pearl from running away. Helen expressed a great deal of sympathy with the dog, and at every opportunity during the day she would find Pearl and carry the burden from place to place for the creature.

Helen seldom, if ever, forgets anything that she has once learned. Names, facts, figures, dates, descriptions, all are arranged in perfect order in the recesses of her brain, so that she can use them at will. Her recollection of past events is very accurate. She can give the name and residence of any person with whom she is slightly acquainted with perfect accuracy. You may ask her about something which she wrote to a friend or put down in her diary six or seven months ago and she will repeat the statement almost word for word. Last June she was introduced to a young Greek student, whose long name, consisting of twenty-eight letters, was spelled to her only once; repeating it she made but one mistake. This was corrected, and about three months later she asked me where Mr. Francis Demetrios Kalopothakes was. Of sin and evil, of malice and wickedness, she is absolutely ignorant. She is as pure as a lily of the valley, and as innocent

and as joyous as the birds of the air or the lambs of the field. To her, envy and jealousy are utterly unknown. She is in perfect harmony and on the best of terms with every one.

A MODERN FAIRY TALE.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

In many a legend old
The story weird is told
Of how some maiden fair
Foes in enchantment hold.

The sleeping beauty lies
Deaf, dumb, with sightless eyes,
Shut from the outer air,
Fair earth, and sunny skies.

Then comes the Prince and breaks
The evil spell, and takes
Her hand, while from her sleep
To love and life she wakes.

Then all the commonplace
Of life is clothed with grace,
And love and wonder keep
The glory of her face.

Spell-bound, deaf, dumb, and blind,
Our Helen Keller's mind
In weird enchantment slept
The walls of sense behind.

The Prince of love and truth,
Thrilled with divinest ruth,
His watch beside her kept,
In pity of her youth.

He touched her where she lay —
For love will find a way —
And woke her sleeping soul,
And gave its powers free play.

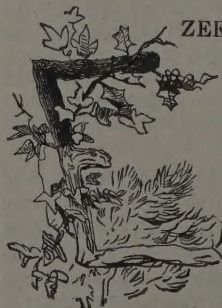
She speaks, she hears, she sees!
Deaf, dumb, blind still, all these, —
Her soul transcends the whole,
And walks abroad at ease!

What ancient fairy tale
One moment can avail
To match the truth sublime
By which its wonders pale?

In old-time "age of gold"
Were no such marvels told
As mark the present time,
And as the future hold!

BOB HALEY'S MISCHIEF.

BY J. B. GILMAN.



ZEKIEL STOKES was not a little proud of his physical attractions at all times; but he was especially pleased with himself when he stood before the cracked looking-glass in his father's old farmhouse kitchen, giving the finishing touch to his Sunday toilet.

The bell on the "meeting-house" was already sounding its call to the early evening service;

and 'Zekiel, who figured prominently in the choir, made haste to obey its summons.

At about that same time little Bob Haley, whose chief claim to boyish distinction lay in his weekly recurrent struggle with the bellows-handle of the church organ, set out from his home at the opposite end of the town, with the stern resolve to blow the wheezy old organ as it never had been blown before. He was stimulated to this resolution by the presence at his side of his cousin Martha, who was a charming young maiden of seventeen, a visitor from the neighboring city. The walk was a pleasant one, especially for Bob, who marched along with all the manly dignity he could muster, but occasionally relapsed into boyhood as he stopped to use threatening language toward Cæsar, his dog and yet his sympathetic friend, who followed at a safe distance in the rear.

When Bob and his cousin reached the meeting-house, they came up to it on one side, and were obliged to clamber over a pile of earth and debris made by the workmen who had laid the new gas-pipes, — this extravagance of lighting by gas having been carried by a small majority vote in the church councils.

When the last stroke of the bell died away on the air, 'Zekiel was in his place with the other choir singers, and the minister at the opposite end of the church was rising to begin his duties. The various parts of the service followed each other in the usual fashion; and, thanks to the reinforced zeal of Bob Haley, the organ never uttered itself in a steadier tone.

When the sermon began, Bob, who was concealed from view of the choir and congregation by a curtain, listened for a time with some interest; but as the heads and sub-heads of the discourse got into the "thirdlies" and "fourthlies," he became restless, and moved across the little den where he was stationed, to look out of a window. At the first glance his eye fell upon Cæsar, sitting patiently on the door-step.

Bob's first impulse was to attract the dog's attention; and when the faithful, affectionate animal caught sight of his young master he instantly "smiled all over," as only a dog can, with open mouth and wagging tail, and trotted hopefully and confidently along to a spot beneath the window, and there sat down upon his haunches. By reaching out his hand Bob found he could touch the dog on the nose; and Cæsar, quite willing to be caressed, stood upon his hind legs to meet the outstretched hand. Soon the restless boy tired of this, and it occurred to him that if Cæsar were only with him inside they might both be much more content. The plan was debated only a moment or two, and then its novelty decided him to attempt it. He weakly yielded to the temptation; and after a short but noiseless struggle he had his play-fellow by his side within the narrow room. Cæsar at once seemed to grasp the clandestine nature of the situation, and preserved a discreet silence.

Novelties soon pall on the spirit of an active boy of twelve; and Bob soon found himself casting about, as the preacher entered upon his "eighthly," for new diversion. Cæsar had crept under the organ for a nap, the cramped apartment offered little that promised amusement, and Bob grew restless waiting for the end of the sermon, which still seemed as far off as it had seemed an hour before. What could he find to occupy his attention? The minutes hung upon him heavily.

Suddenly his roving glance caught sight of an iron pipe over his head, which pierced the ceil-

ing above, and came down nearly within reach. He looked at it idly a few moments, and then tried to touch it; but it was too high for that. So he brought over his chair, and placed it noiselessly on the floor directly below the pipe, and then stepping upon this, found the pipe within easy reach. It was a common gas-pipe, rusty and dirty, with a cap screwed over the end, and ordinarily it would not have received much of Bob's attention; but now, in his dearth of amusement, he examined it as critically as if he were an iron-merchant. Quite naturally, too, he tried to turn the cap on the end; but it resisted his first effort. Then, as if accepting a challenge, he tried again, this time with both hands; and, behold, it certainly started a little under his vigorous exertions. So he took a full breath, and made another effort; and this time it gave way, and turned slowly under his hands. Bob was pleased, as much at having something to do as in actually doing it; and now, with a feeling of triumph, he carefully turned the cap round and round, and saw the screw-threads uncover one by one.

Bob Haley knew perfectly well that he was doing wrong, that he ought to sit quietly and reverently during the service, and that seriously he was in danger of making some noise that would disturb the congregation; but this very fact, alas, rather added to the excitement of the situation, instead of leading him to pause in his mischief. So he took the loosened iron firmly in one hand, gave it a final turn, when—it came off, indeed, quite as he expected it to do; but it was nearly blown out of his fingers by a strong rush of gas.

The workmen had let the gas into the main pipes of the building, and now it was pouring out into Bob's face in a furious current. The mischievous boy was sadly frightened at the result of his curiosity, and in the shock of surprise and fear he dropped the iron cap to the floor. It fell with a noise which was not very great, but which seemed to Bob like a thunder-peal, and then rolled out of sight under the organ.

"What shall I do?" thought the terrified boy. "What *shall* I do? If that noise does n't disturb anybody, this gas will soon be noticed, and what an awful row it will make! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

He was thoroughly alarmed, and bitterly regretted his conduct; but regrets were useless. Suddenly the idea flashed across his mind that instead of standing there so helplessly he might stop at least a part of the stream of gas with his hand. Without a second's pause he tried the plan; and, oh, what a relief came to him as he found that he could thus entirely close up the opening in the pipe!

It seemed to the young culprit as if many minutes had elapsed since the iron cap fell from his grasp, and he trembled as he stood there, feeling sure that the escaping gas must have made itself known in the body of the house, or at least in the choir; but in point of fact hardly five seconds had passed in the crisis, and nobody seemed to have been disturbed.

Bob now began to breathe more freely. He tried to peer under the edge of the organ, where the iron cap had disappeared; but he dared not relinquish his hold on the pipe, and the place was growing darker and darker with approaching night. If ever a mischievous boy lamented careless misconduct, that boy was Bob. His hand was growing lame and benumbed with its desperate grasp of the rusty pipe; and as he listened to the voice of the preacher, he heard, "Tenthly and lastly, brethren," and what a great thump

the boy's heart gave! Then a lump began to gather in his throat; and his courage, which so far had not quite departed, now utterly forsook him, and his eyes grew moist.

Presently the minister stopped; and soon Bob heard him reading the closing hymn. Every word seemed to smite upon the boy's ear like a note of doom,—

"Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down."

Line after line came from the reader's lips; nearer and nearer came the end; and Bob dared not think what would happen then, when his part and the choir's came. All concealment would be at an end. He heard the preparatory rustlings in the choir; and he heard, with a mighty chill leaping from end to end of his trembling body,—he heard the subdued voice of the organist call for "a match." That was too much for the terrified boy. *A match*, and that torrent of gas liable at any moment to escape from his benumbed fingers!

In his distress this new fear of an explosion overcame his personal fear of discovery, and he lifted his voice in one despairing word of appeal. "Zeke!" he called, in a hoarse whisper; and then, his weakened legs sustaining him no longer, he dropped in a heap upon the chair, and rolled to the floor, gasping for breath, but keeping his eyes fixed in terror on the mouth of the pipe above him.

In the choir the singing-books were opened to the right place; and the organist, having lighted a kerosene lamp at his side, was just about pulling the signal-stop for the bellows-boy to begin. When the faint, despairing appeal for help came. 'Zekiel Stokes, standing nearest the curtain, heard it most plainly, and quickly drew the curtain aside, and looked in. As he saw Bob's prostrate position, a look of alarm came over his face; and without saying a word to his fellow-singers, he stepped quickly inside. The smell of escaping gas and Bob's fixed stare upon the open end of the pipe gave a general explanation of affairs; and without a moment's hesitation 'Zekiel, who was a young man of prompt action, placed his own broad palm over the hole which Bob's hand had so inadequately covered.

Thus for a moment the danger was met; but now came the bellows signal; and one glance at exhausted Bob satisfied 'Zekiel that nothing could be expected from him. So he seized the handle, and prepared to meet this difficulty also; and the situation seemed altogether more promising than it had since the iron cap dropped from Bob's hand. But, alas, the end of the day's trouble had not yet come. The organ played through the music, the choir sang the first stanza, an interlude followed, and then came the second and last stanza, two lines of which were "to be sung by the tenor (Ezekiel Stokes) alone." But 'Zekiel knew the words and music perfectly, and had made up his mind to bravely sustain his part when the time came. He was nearly exhausted, however, in his generous task, for he was barely able by dint of stretching his long arms to keep his hold of both pipe and bellows-handle, and beads of perspiration were beginning to stand out upon his forehead.

Despite all the discouraging circumstances, the situation once more began to look hopeful as 'Zekiel's tenor solo began. But just at this point Cæsar, already roused from his slumber under the organ, became bewildered and excited,—for the bellows, which was now inflated, shut off the opening by which he had entered,—and, making

a dash for liberty, he tried to squeeze himself between the bellows and the planks above it, sticking fast in the attempt; and there he lay, helpless, suffering no serious harm to his strong body, but giving vent to frightened moans and growls, and materially impeding the action of the bellows.

It was the "last straw on the camel's back." Matters were at about their worst. Such strange sounds were never before emitted from a church choir; and the bass singer rushed in alarm to the curtain, and flung it widely open, just as poor Ezekiel was bravely finishing the last strain of his solo in short gasps of sound.

The situation defies adequate description. When the congregation turned their heads to look for the cause of all this unwonted noise, they saw, to their utter amazement and mystification, Ezekiel, red in the face from his exertions, with one arm stretched to his utmost length and clutching a gas-pipe above his head, blowing the organ bellows with his other hand, and singing as lustily as he could,—

"Let us—all—in thee—inherit—
Let us—find thy promised—rest."

Never did Ezekiel Stokes more earnestly long for "rest" than at that moment. But the organist, although he knew that some remarkable event was transpiring, dared not vary from the exact path of duty; and he conscientiously ran through a few closing cadences, as was his custom, while 'Zekiel, desperate as he was, still instinctively clung to bellows-handle and gas-pipe.

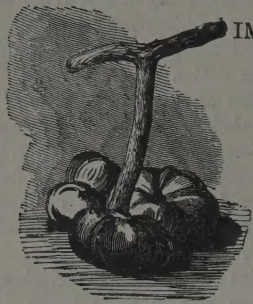
This interesting scene lasted only a few moments, but during that time it seemed to make a deep impression on the congregation. The minister looked and looked, wiped his spectacles, and looked again; Deacon H—, whose keen sense of humor had often been severely commented upon, blew his nose violently, and concealed the lower part of his face with his huge red handkerchief; pretty "Cousin Martha" kept her face well hidden behind her fan; and then—then the bass singer, who was slowly recovering his presence of mind, drew the curtain hurriedly back to its place, and the scene was ended.

Such was the unexpected and novel result of Bob Haley's mischievous investigations that Sunday afternoon. The iron cap was replaced, and the congregation dismissed. But the facts in the case soon became known; and the young culprit was severely blamed and scolded, without any remonstrance on his part, for even the harshest words could not add much to the terror he had undergone. But he never ceased to feel profound gratitude to 'Zeke, who had so generously come to his rescue. After a temporary suspension from his weekly duties at the bellows-handle, he was reinstated, and never again was remiss; but on many a Sunday afternoon, as he sat in his little closet-like room by the organ, and looked at the gas-pipe above him, it preached him a sermon which, although "over his head," as sermons often are, he never, never forgot.

I have been ere now a traveller in foreign lands. I have seen the glories of art and architecture, and mountains and rivers. I have seen the sun set on the Jungfrau, and the full moon rise over Mont Blanc; but the fairest vision on which these eyes ever looked was the flag of my country in a foreign port. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate it, it is the symbol of the power and the glory and the honor of fifty millions of American people.

GOD'S BOY.

BY DOROTHY DEAN.



ton must be on the street;” so many ran against him.

The May sun was blazing with July fervor, and the pavements were hot to his bare feet; but he did not mind that, — indeed, he enjoyed it, for he had been cold so long. His bootblack’s kit, slung over his shoulder, seemed unusually heavy that day, — so heavy that his wasted child’s form fairly bent beneath it. It had been growing heavier all the spring. Still, he had carried it about day after day, though only once during the last week had he cried, “Shine, sir?” and then it was in such a weak, quavering voice that the man did not hear it, but went over to Hunchback Joe, on the opposite corner, whose shrill voice nothing could drown.

Reaching Park Street, Tim left the crowded thoroughfare, and turned aside to the Common. An empty seat in the shade of a tree invited him, and he stretched himself out on it, using his kit for a pillow, and gazing up at the fresh young foliage. All the shrewdness and impudence of the gamin’s face had given place to a wistful expression. His eyes were unnaturally large and bright, and a hectic flush glowed dully through the coating of grime on each thin cheek. In the tree a colony of belligerent sparrows quarrelled noisily, the sound of street traffic was softened by distance to a monotonous rumble, a sunbeam stole through the softly stirring branches and closed the uplifted eyes, and Tim fell asleep.

With a start Tim awoke, for something touched his arm. He looked up into a face close to his own, — a sweet child’s face, framed in floating golden hair, which escaped from beneath a soft white bonnet, tied under the chin with white ribbons. A world of pity looked out of her wondering blue eyes, and a soft little hand rested on his ragged sleeve.

Tim looked at the face in mute astonishment, rubbed his eyes, and looked again. He would have thought of an angel, only he had never heard of angels. In Salem Street one does not hear much about angels. As it was, as soon as he could muster his thoughts, he said to himself, “It’s one o’ the rich folks.”

The child broke the silence. “Is you sick, poor boy?” Such a tender, pitying voice had never spoken to him before. He rose up on his elbow.

“No, I hain’t sick. I jest gut a cough, w’at gives me a pain so I can’t work,” he said.

“Why don’t you go home?” asked the child.

“Hain’t got no home,” replied Tim. “I boards with Ole Marg. I sleeps on the floor o’ nights; but she won’t have me round days, cuz she sorts rags.”

“Is n’t you got any papa or mamma?” queried the child.

“No,” said Tim, “I hain’t never had nobuddy.”

The child stood a moment in deep thought. What was it her papa had said at a mission-meeting to which he had taken her yesterday, — said to just such homeless, lonely, ragged boys as this one before her? Oh, she recalled it now! He had called them God’s children. And this was one of God’s children, too. Her face lighted up, and she cried joyfully, —

“Then you must be God’s boy!”

Tim looked incredulous, and a little suspicious that she was “making game” of him.

“W’at yer giv —” he began. “W’at yer givin’ us?” he was going to say; but he felt instinctively that such language should not be used to one like her, so he changed it to, “How kin I be God’s boy? ‘God’ is jest swearin’.”

The child looked puzzled. “Why,” she said, “God lives up in the sky; and he takes care of little boys and girls. He ain’t swearing, ‘cause that’s naughty.”

Here Tim was seized with a prolonged fit of coughing. The child looked on with grave pity until the paroxysm was over, and then she asked in an awed voice, —

“Is you going to heaven, too?”

Tim looked at her inquiringly. “Goin’ w’ere?” he asked.

“To heaven,” answered the child, solemnly. “My mamma coughed like that, and one night God tooked her to heaven. My papa telled me so, and he knows.”

“The same God w’at owns me?” eagerly asked Tim. “An’ w’ere is heaven? I don’t know nothin’ ‘bout sich a place. I al’ys lived in Boston. Guess I sha’n’t go now’eres long ‘s I feel so tired.” And he dropped wearily down upon his uncomfortable pillow.

Just then a hand grasped the child by the arm, and pulled her quickly away, while a sharp voice cried, “Oh, you naughty girl, can’t I stop to speak to a friend one minute but you must go to talking to a nasty little beggar? Come right home now.”

Tim lay and thought his new thoughts until the sun was far down in the west, and a chill had crept into the air. Then he arose, and walked feebly from the Common and down the street. He was very weak and faint now. His kit was too heavy to be borne, so he set it down on the sidewalk, whispering, “I sha’n’t need it in heaven, p’r’aps,” and tottered a few steps farther. Then the world grew dark, and he sank down unconscious.

When Tim regained consciousness he found himself lying in a soft white bed, just large enough for him. High above him stretched a cool white ceiling, and around his bed stood tall green screens. A sweet-faced woman, with a cap on her head, bent over him, bathing his face; while on the other side of the bed stood a man, holding his wrist.

Once again his lips moved; and the nurse, bending close, caught the whisper, “She said I’d never be hungry or cold up there —”

A glorious smile broke over the wasted face — and God had come for his boy.

THE world’s history is a divine poem, of which the history of every nation is a canto, and every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and though there have been mingled the discords of warring cannon and dying men, yet to the Christian philosopher and historian — the humble listener — there has been a divine melody running through the song, which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come. — *James A. Garfield.*

EDITOR’S CHAIR.

WE need not offer an explanation of the picture on page 109. Who does not know “The Household Pet”? We all love the little purrer. The name of our special tabby is “Brutus;” he stands up for food, like a dog, and jumps for the tempting morsel with paws clasped at last over our wrist. But Brutus has been missing some time.

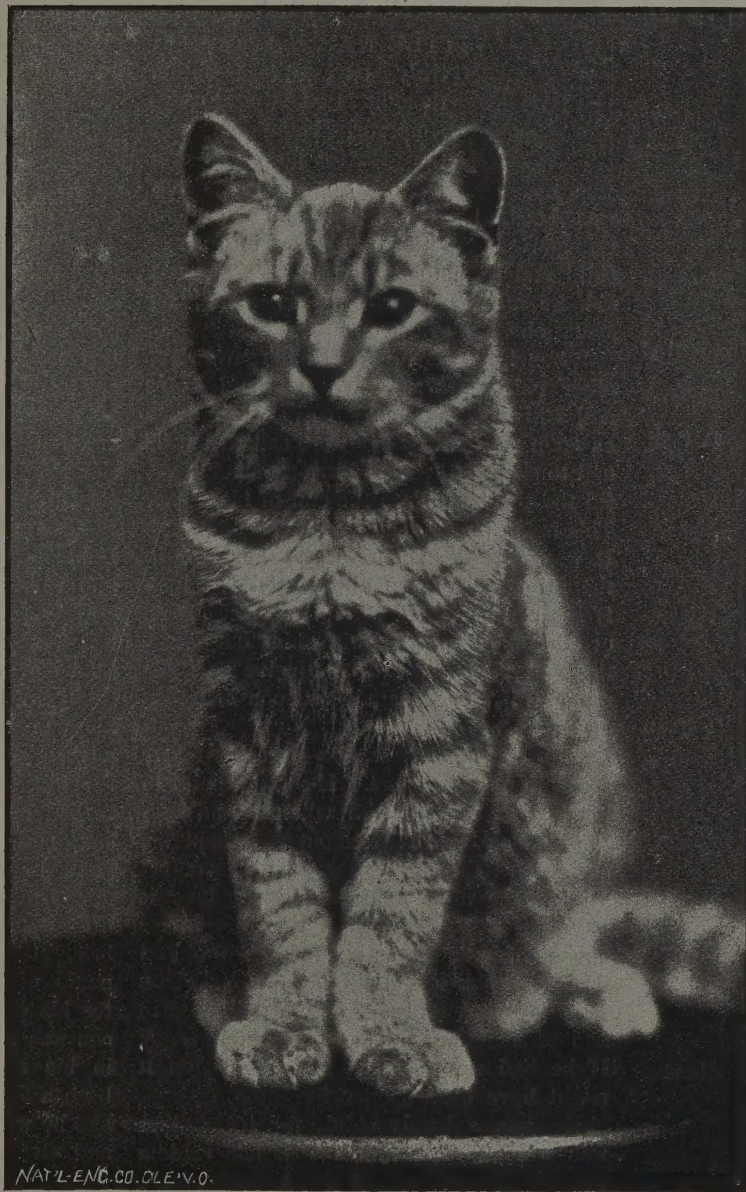
The leading features of this number are the picture of Helen Keller, and Mr. Savage’s charming poem written specially for this paper, with the descriptive and biographical article, — all making a unique summary of this interesting subject. Mr. Anagnos kindly loaned us the picture, and the mention of his name calls up the thought of the noble work he has in hand. We hope that this Helen Keller story will draw the attention of our young readers to the institution of which he is the head, and that they will learn more, by inquiry, of its wonderful rescuing and emancipating mission. If any of our young friends should write to us for information, we will try to give it.

In the last number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY were quotations entitled, “Some Gems.” They were all from one source; can any one guess the author? We await responses.

There are so many good things on hand waiting space, that we feel the limits of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY as a barrier to the larger good and greater work we might do. As a little relief, we wish that we might turn some of our treasures into a supplement. Whether we can afford to do this will depend upon the measure of support we receive by way of subscriptions. When the treasury is full, the paper rejoiceth to run a race.

We cannot keep back a word as to the Sunday-school we have enjoyed the past twelve years, — and this without forgetting the others in Leominster and Hingham, in whose friendship and lasting memories we keep precious ties. But the Second Church Sunday-school, of Boston, is the last; and from it we have stepped to this work. The bright faces of the scholars, the cordial loyalty of the teachers and officers, the good-will of all, continue to inspire us; and if we ever write a bright thing, it will be owing greatly to the helpfulness of that garden-plot of sunshine-life. On Sunday, February 28, the scholars, teachers, and officers presented to the Editor a beautiful etching, called “The Golden Hour,” handsomely framed. They requested that it should adorn the walls of his office; and there it hangs, — “a joy forever” for any caller, as well as for the regular occupant.

At this time many of our young people are inquiring as to the meaning of Lent. It is a part of the Catholic usages, and has spread somewhat into other churches. Lent derives its name from the Saxon word “lencten,” lengthening days, or springtime, for it was the spring fast, — just as we are indebted to the Saxon word “faesten,” to restrain, for the word “fast.” The Catholic Church, while emphasizing the need of obedience to the Divine mandate, “Do penance, or ye shall all likewise perish,” still mercifully softens that austere sentence according to the state and strength of every individual; and by multiplied spiritual helps, makes easier the sober diet and abstinence from worldly amusements ordained for the Lenten time. We view Lent as a time not so much different from other portions of the year. The good out of it is the quiet it brings to social fever, the attention it calls to religious matters, and the spirit of self-control which it enforces.



NAT'L ENG. CO. OLE'V.O.

THE HOUSEHOLD PET.

LETTER-BOX.

ENIGMA XXXIV.

I AM composed of eighteen letters.
 My 9, 6, 14, 18, 4, is what we shed when we cry.
 My 8, 14, 1, is what we have to do to live.
 My 9, 17, 13, is what they sell coal by.
 My 14, 16, 10, is a Latin word meaning "love."
 My 4, 7, 14, 1, 3, is what I use at school.
 My 5, 11, 12, 9, is what old ladies do.
 My 2, 14, 15, 6, is a small animal.
 My whole is the name of one of Longfellow's poems.

N. GERTRUDE PAINE, 11 yrs. old.

ENIGMA XXXV.

I AM composed of twenty-two letters.
 My 6, 4, 7, 18, 4, 21, is a physician.
 My 5, 9, 10, 11, is a fastening.
 My 21, 19, 18, 1, 8, 3, is a baby's delight.
 My 7, 19, 5, 3, 13, 6, 19, 21, is a useful thing for every year.
 My 22, 11, 19, 18, 16, 17, is a useful thing for boys in winter.
 My 2, 19, 21, 12, 8, 6, is my first name.
 My 14, 15, 20, 21, 1, 20, 3, 14, 2, is an ordinal of thirty.
 My whole is the name of one of Longfellow's poems.

P. C. H.

ENIGMA XXXVI.

I AM composed of eleven letters.
 My 11, 9, 10, is a part of the bed.
 My 9, 10, 4, is a kind of boat.
 My 6, 7, 9, 10, 8, is opposite to fat.
 My 3, 7, 11, is a tropical animal.
 My 2, 9, 10, 5, is a game animal.
 My 1, 3, 7, is furnished by trees.
 My whole is a celebrated author.

KERSEY C. REED.

ENIGMA XXXVII.

I AM composed of twenty-three letters.
 My 11, 22, 10, is a drink.
 My 6, 7, 13, is an article.
 My 1, 2, 6, is not cold.
 My 15, 3, 17, is a conjunction.
 My 5, 4, 6, 6, 13, 3, is decayed.
 My 8, 22, 10, is a word used in the Bible for yes.
 My 12, 13, 14, is a personal pronoun.
 My 18, 13, 16, is what all boys grow to be.
 My 20, 19, 22, is a part of the foot.
 My 21, 10, 6, is something to wear on the head.
 My 9, 10, 11, is the opposite of lean.
 My 23, 10, 20, is a small animal.
 My whole is one of the ten commandments.

ELSIE RIECK.

BURIED CITIES.

1. FLORA, let Buff alone!
2. The wind is east on the coast, but not in the interior.
3. The large fish kill and eat the small ones.
4. The carpenters are adding a low ell to the house.
5. In August an unusual thing occurred.

ALMIRA W. BATES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 13.

Enigma XXXII. Spinning Wheel Stories.
 Enigma XXXIII. Tales of a Wayside Inn.
 Acrostic VII. Rev. Joshua Young.

GOLDEN WORDS.

Though you can do but little,
 That little's something still;
 You'll find a way for some-
 thing,
 If you but have the will.

LITTLE NAP. B.

BY MRS. K. G. WELLS.



LITTLE NAP. B. was a really truly boy, whose father thought that the French Emperor, Napoleon, was the greatest man who ever lived. So when his boy was born, he christened him Napoleon Bonaparte. As the baby grew into a wee child and then to be seven or eight years old he was ashamed of his name, for every one made fun of it.

When he went to the Kindergarten the other children were all Neds and Toms and Bills. They could leave their seats as soon as their names were called, but he had to sit still three or four seconds longer, till the teacher got to the end of his name. This made him lose just so much of recess. It was just the same way at home or in the street, his name always delayed him. If his mother called to him over the stairs, or the boys played with him out-doors, there were always echoes to give back his name, till it began again as soon as it was ended.

The bigger he grew, the more his father took pride in the name. He would point to his bookcase filled with volumes and say, "All these books are about the Emperor, and one of these days they will be yours." At last the little fellow could not bear it any longer. So the next time his father spoke of his books he stamped his foot and declared that he would not be Napoleon Bonaparte any more, — only little Nap. B.; and this name clung to him for years. If he had not been so short and thin it might have been sooner forgotten.

He was a lonely child, for his mother was always sick, and his father seldom was at leisure except in the evenings, when Nap. B. had to go to bed. He liked his nurse, but was too kind-hearted to want her to stand still and freeze while he skated in winter, and she was too short-breathed to play ball or roll hoop with him in summer. Anyway he thought boys ought not to have nurses unless they were sick or unhappy, then they were next best to mammas.

Now Nap. B. had one queer fancy. How it came he did not know, and he was a boy of ten before he gave it up wholly. It cost him a great many bad dreams, heart-aches and tears when he found out that his fancy was not true. This was his

fancy or notion, — that he had a son! Never were college chums or boy cronies more intimate than he and his make-believe son. Girls make friends of their dolls, but he made a friend out of an idea. When he had a good time, or when he did not like things, he told his son. If nurse wanted him to do something he did not want to do, he used to say, "When my son gets big he sha'n't have a nurse, and he sha'n't have a name."

"You can't talk to people unless they have names," replied nurse.

"My son don't want a name, he's just my son."

"Where is he?" asked nurse.

"He's waiting for me now," and then Nap. B. would run off and make believe, or really believe, that he played with his son.

He had a sand heap and some blocks in the back yard and spent much time there, building the city of Babylon. He put a palace in the centre, with a secret stairway made out of thin bits of card-board and sand. A big leaden soldier was king. Little leaden soldiers guarded the walls, and fought with some very old leaden Persian soldiers, who, in spite of their battered condition, always took the city. All the while that he was playing the Fall of Babylon he talked to his son, and told him what to do.

Only papa, mamma, and nurse knew of this fancy of his. They could not help knowing, for he carried spruce gum and candy in his pocket to have it handy if his son wanted them, so of course his pockets stuck together. On the days when the block palace of Babylon was not attacked he put cake and rolls in it for his son, and if the next morning they were gone he did not like to be told that the mice had taken them. Sometimes he would not sit down to dinner until a chair was brought for his son. He forgot about his name when he was arranging playthings for his son. He always believed that his son was always coming, and was so happy in his unseen companion that if he had been a German boy of four hundred years ago he would have easily believed in fairies and elves.

One day there came to his school a little black boy called George Washington. "It is too bad," said the bully of the school, "to let such a fellow come here. I don't mind his color, but we ought to be particular about names. George Washington is a horrid name, unless one is going to be president."

"Don't let's have anything to do with him," exclaimed little Wendell Phillips. "My name is bad enough, but there oughtn't to be a horrid one."

"That's so," shouted the other boys. So poor George Washington felt very forlorn, and wanted to fight for his name, but the teacher would not let him.

"I'm so glad my son has n't any name," thought Nap. B.; "papas ought n't to give names to boys, but just let 'em grow up as my son does. George Washington is a heap worse than my name. It's so common."

Nap. B. was much troubled, for the black boy looked so mournful when he heard himself called in the class. No one swapped luncheons with him. He was left out of the games. Nap. B. tried to be friends with him, but could not succeed.

"It's all because of his name," thought Nap. B. again. The more he thought the worse he felt.

At last he made up his mind what to do. He put into a box his best soldiers, his sword and trumpet, his water-color paints, his sealing-wax, candlestick, candle, and seal. He tied up the box with several dozen yards of string; wrote a note, and with mucilage fastened one side of it to the box.

But his son could not carry it to the black boy, and he did not want to take it himself. In his difficulty he remembered his friend, the policeman who lived next door to George Washington. The policeman finally promised to leave it there if he might first read the letter so as to be sure that all was right. This made Nap. B. feel as if he were an important citizen, and he told his friend that the note was stuck so close to the box that no one but George Washington must open it, but that if he could read writing and would wait till he got to George Washington's house he might read it there. And this is what the policeman read:—

"I am sorry your name is George Washington, and that you have not got any son. My son was going to have all my playthings, but you can keep them till he comes.

"N. B.

"The fellows call me little Nap. B., but my real name is Napoleon Bonaparte, so I am sorry for you."

That night little Nap. B. cried himself to sleep. It had been hard for him to give away the playthings he had saved for his son, but the next morning at school, when he saw how happy George Washington looked, he was glad he had sent them.

He never knew that his mamma had talked with the policeman, and he with George Washington's mother, so as to explain things all round.

THREE STORY-SERMONS.

BY LOUISE PARABLE.

Mamma's Little Helper.



NE pleasant morning Mamma said to Winnie, three years old,—

"Winnie, dear, when I finish these pies, you and I will go out for a little walk.

Would you like to?"

"Oh, 'es 'um!" replied the little fellow, dancing about the room. But then he stopped all at once,—he had thought of something. "But, Mamma, is n't 'ou tired?"

"Yes, dearie, Mamma is tired; but we must go and get you some new shoes. Your toes are peeping out now. I guess Mr. Pratt has some pretty new ones for you at his store. We'll go and see by and by."

Winnie looked down at his shoes, but said nothing, and soon ran out-doors to play with his little cart. But there was a plan in his little head; and by and by, before Mamma had even missed him, he trudged in with a bundle in his arms.

"Why, what has my baby got?" asked Mamma, with a smile.

"Mamma tired, so Winnie went and dot boots," he exclaimed, proudly holding up the bundle.

And sure enough! there was a nice little pair of new shoes, which just fitted him. Mr. Pratt had understood the little fellow, and helped him do his errand.

And Mamma could only hug and kiss her little boy for his loving thought, and could n't scold him a bit for going so far alone and without asking her first; for he was such a little fellow he did n't know the danger.

After that he was always her "little helper" as well as "little comfort."

A Naughty Thought, and What Came Of It.

RAY and Chester were having a nice little game of ball. All at once it went over the fence and rolled down near the railroad-track, and both the little fellows scampered after it.

"I tell you what, Ches, let's stop the train!" said Ray, with a sudden thought.

"How you goin' to, I'd like to know?" said Chester, with a sniff.

"Why, we'll just stand right square in the middle of the track, 'n then they'll see us, 'n they'll have to stop; 'cause of course they would n't want to run over us, 'n throw the train off the track," explained Ray.

Just then they heard a whistle in the distance, and seizing Chester by the hand Ray pulled him along, saying,—

"There it comes, come on."

Chester was afraid and held back, but he was more afraid of his big brother's making fun of him; so he let himself be pulled along, and they planted themselves firmly in the middle of the track while the train whistled and rushed toward them.

Oh, what naughty little boys they were to forget what Mamma had told them so many times, to keep away from the railroad and never, *never* walk or stand on the track!

They were very little boys, or they would certainly have known better than to do such a thing; and because they were so little they did not know that they were standing on the wrong track. And as the train came nearer and nearer, making such a dreadful rushing noise and shaking the ground so, they became frightened, and cried and screamed in terror, not knowing which way to run.

It seemed as if their feet would not move; and when the long train rushed by on the other track and left them standing there all safe and sound they looked at each other through their tears in great surprise.

Bennie's Mistake.

BENNIE was watching Grandpa as he went up and down the garden-walks watering the flowers. He had a big pail of water, and for a dipper he used a small tin lamp which had been thrown aside because it leaked.

"Dat's a nice shiny dipper, ain't it, Dranpa?" said Bennie, as he trotted along behind. "Let me water 'em, please do."

So Grandpa gave him the funny dipper, and Bennie thought the posies looked up and smiled at him as he gave them each a drink.

The next day Grandpa was away, and so Bennie thought he would water the plants himself.

He could n't find the old lamp; Grandpa had put it carefully away. But on the kitchen shelf was another nice bright one, Bennie knew.

So, when nobody was near, the little fellow climbed up and took the little lamp down.

"Dess I'll have to take the top off," said he to himself, working away at the chimney. "Dranpa does n't use the top, course not."

He tugged and twisted till he got the burner off, splashing some of the oil on his dress as he did so.

"Oh, my, there's lots of water in it!" he exclaimed, and he trudged away to the garden and emptied the kerosene all over the beautiful pansies. Then he filled the lamp with water, and watered the rest until the work was all done.

"Dere now, dess the posies are happy," said Bennie, with a smile.

But the next morning, when Grandpa went to the garden, the pretty pansies were all wilted and dead.

"Oh, Bennie, that was oil in the lamp, not water, and it has killed the pansies. See how they look!" said Grandpa.

"Yes, sir," sobbed Bennie. "I did n't fink it would hurt 'em, and now they're all dead. Why, I watered 'em, Dranpa, just as you do."

WORK while you work,
Play while you play,
That is the way
To be happy and gay.

QUESTION-BOX.

[Inquiries on all subjects connected with the work of Sunday-schools are invited for this department. Address "Every Other Sunday Question-Box," 25 Beacon Street, Boston.]

I am teaching a class of boys something about ethics. How can I make the subject interesting?

First, keep watch during the week for actual transactions. The habit will increase of noting the wayside illustrations of conduct. Next, lead the boys to discuss special cases; set them at it in good earnest; encourage frankness, and do not be shocked at strange statements. To all this add the resource of a book like Kramer's "The Right Road," full of stories, examples, and applications. Avoid as far as possible the abstract method.

* * *

Can you suggest anything to aid primary classes and departments?

There seems to be a need of some uniform leaflet lesson, on the life of Christ or on a clear religious theme, which can be readily turned to the uses of the youngest pupils. It has been intimated that such a lesson-paper might be printed regularly in *EVERY OTHER SUNDAY*; but there are certain objections to that. The better way would be to give such a publication first its distinct career in leaflets for one year, and then bind all together as a permanent book. This may be done by the Sunday-School Society.

* * *

What is the distinctive faith of Universalists?

The following is published regularly at the head of the editorial columns of the "Christian Leader," the organ of Boston Universalism, as its "profession of faith":—

We believe that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation of the character of God and of the duty, interest, and final destination of mankind.

We believe that there is one God, whose nature is Love, revealed in one Lord, Jesus Christ, by one Holy Spirit of Grace, who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness.

We believe that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected; and that believers ought to be careful to maintain order, and practise good works, for these things are good and profitable unto men.

OUTLOOK.

A REPORT of the meeting of the Sunday-School Union for February, to do it justice, would require a column; and our limited space debars us from giving such details. But we must mention one or two features. The temper and aim of the remarks were altogether helpful and hopeful. Miss Lilian Clarke's reference to Jacob Abbot was just and forcible. Jacob Abbot is still a master in the department of the teaching of children, and any one who can acquire the practice of his simple rules will always lead in the work. Miss Lucy Wheelock was as fluent and entertaining as ever; Mr. Winkley as crisp and pungent as usual, with the loyal tone to the past ideas and the fulfilling handling of them; Mr. Gilman fervidly and clearly set forth the aspect of heart religion. Bright remarks followed these regular speakers, all converging on the real question of interesting the young in abstract ideas.

* * *

THERE is a great deal of activity on the Pacific Coast in our Unitarian ranks; not a little of it finds expression in the Sunday-school life. We shall expect reports from our friend, the ex-editor, Rev. H. G. Spaulding, who will have an excellent opportunity to scan and examine our work out there.

* * *

THE Sunday-school at Wollaston is in a most flourishing condition. It shares in the general wide-

awake life of the society. Rev. Mr. Key has good reason to be proud of his wife and children, of his handsome church, of his fine success, and not least of the Sunday-school, that overflows its appointed bounds, into the audience-room and ladies' parlor.

* * *

GEORGE WASHINGTON's Birthday was observed in a happy and notable manner by Rev. H. L. Wheeler, of Burlington, Vermont, who prepared a capital programme of commemoration, composed of selections and tunes quite appropriate. In this service Sunday-school and congregation joined.

* * *

WE understand that the Worcester County Sunday-School Society is about to debate the subject of a surrender of its existence to the Worcester County Conference. This is an old topic. We took part in a similar discussion years ago. Our judgment is unchanged now. The loss of the distinct organization would be a mistake. If necessary, wake it up, make its meetings notable, get fresh interest, but do not go out of business. More than ever is the Worcester Sunday-School Society needed.

* * *

OUR Western workers are apt to have the latest methods; but we hardly think that they have yet set in motion the "missionary car." Why not start a Sunday-school car? This is the account from "The Wellspring": "Out in the far West, where the distances are great and conveniences of travel not so accessible as here in the East, a good minister (a bishop of another branch of the faith) has what he calls a missionary car. It is a large car, fitted up just like a church. So when he wishes to go from place to place and visit and start services among the people, he has his chapel car attached to the slower freight-trains; and whenever he comes to a settlement where he desires to stop, he has the car run off on a siding, and there is the church all ready to hold service. Thus he can go from one point to another where perhaps in some cases no religious exercises have ever been held before, and preach the gospel to those who have seldom if ever listened to the story of Christ, or those who have been long deprived of the opportunity of hearing the blessed words."

CLEANINGS.

IN our contemporary, the "Sunday-School Journal," for March, is a sensible article on the selection of a Sunday-school library. We quote a brief part:—

The idea that a Sunday-school library should be composed of books written only for such a library or for children is a mistake. A well-selected book placed in the hands of a youthful reader may influence him at the crisis of his life. In many Sunday-school libraries you cannot find a single book that you can so recommend. The fact is, such libraries are selected by irresponsible persons, whose only aim is to increase the quantity rather than the quality of the books.

In defining what ought to be in a library we can ascertain what ought not to be there. That histories and good classical literature should be found only in a public or private library, and not in a Sunday-school library, is a mistake. The higher the quality of the reading furnished, the better the minds of the scholars will be developed. It seems unnecessary, on the other hand, to warn any one from making the mistake that the person did who sent "Charnock on the Attributes" to a mission-school library; but the same mistake is made in some libraries when books of the opposite kind are used,—books having the character of those caricatured by Mark Twain. One character was a good boy, who never had any of what boys call "fun;" the other was a bad boy, always full of pranks, but ending badly. Nine times out of ten the bright boy prefers to be the bad one rather than the good one, because of the unreality of the character which is set before him for an example.

Now that so much is being said as to the merits or demerits of the graded system, any side light of actual trial comes to our rescue. Here is a witness from the Trinitarian side:—

Two years have passed since our Sunday-school was graded; and the results of the system are now so apparent that we can safely recommend our plan, for it has met and endured the test of time. Our Sunday-school before the grading was accomplished embraced about four hundred scholars of all ages, with an average attendance of two hundred and seventy-five. Its officers and teachers were fifty in number. It was by no means an ideal school, though above the average in the efficiency of its work and the interest of its exercises.

Four departments were made,—senior, junior, intermediate, and primary. A promotion day was established. Teachers and classes were advanced together in the department, but not across and up together. There were other details which we have not space to give. The conclusion of the whole matter is this:—

There were at first some complaints by teachers, scholars, and parents; but only one teacher left the school. The classes settled down to work, and soon became acquainted; a few changes, but only a very few, were made in the assignments of the scholars,—as, for example, where a mistake had been made in the age of a pupil; and soon everybody was satisfied with the new arrangement. Among its manifest benefits we may note the following:—

1. The senior department is maintained with large classes and growing numbers.

2. The scholars in the junior department have an aim and a hope before them. They look forward to their promotion with earnest expectation, and are on this account the more loyal to the school.

3. Inasmuch as all changes are made at a given time, they are prepared for. For three months the superintendent is planning for promotion Sunday.

4. There has been a marked increase in the membership of the school. Notwithstanding the organization of a mission-school by the church, taking away several workers and some scholars, the school has an attendance from seventy-five to one hundred larger than that of two years ago.

After a trial of two years we are sure that the establishment of a graded system and a faithful adherence to its plans have greatly benefited our Sunday-school.

* * *

WE extract the following paragraph from the "Pilgrim Teacher." It is Mr. Hazard's defence of the one-lesson system, and presents the other side.

The International Lesson System is still under fire. We should bear in mind the limitations of the Sunday-school. It has only a little over half an hour each week for instruction. Upon what shall the emphasis of that half-hour be placed,—upon systematizing knowledge or systematizing character?

OUR NEXT NUMBER.

THE chief features of the next number of *EVERY OTHER SUNDAY* will be a picture of Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., and a biographical article by Mrs. Bernard Whitman, celebrating Dr. Hale's seventieth birthday, which occurs April 3. Also a beautiful series of illustrative pictures and embellished text, having for a subject "The Old Oaken Bucket." The scenes represented are those of the actual homestead, meadows, and "deep-tangled wild-wood" referred to by the poet,—being a part of old Scituate.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

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